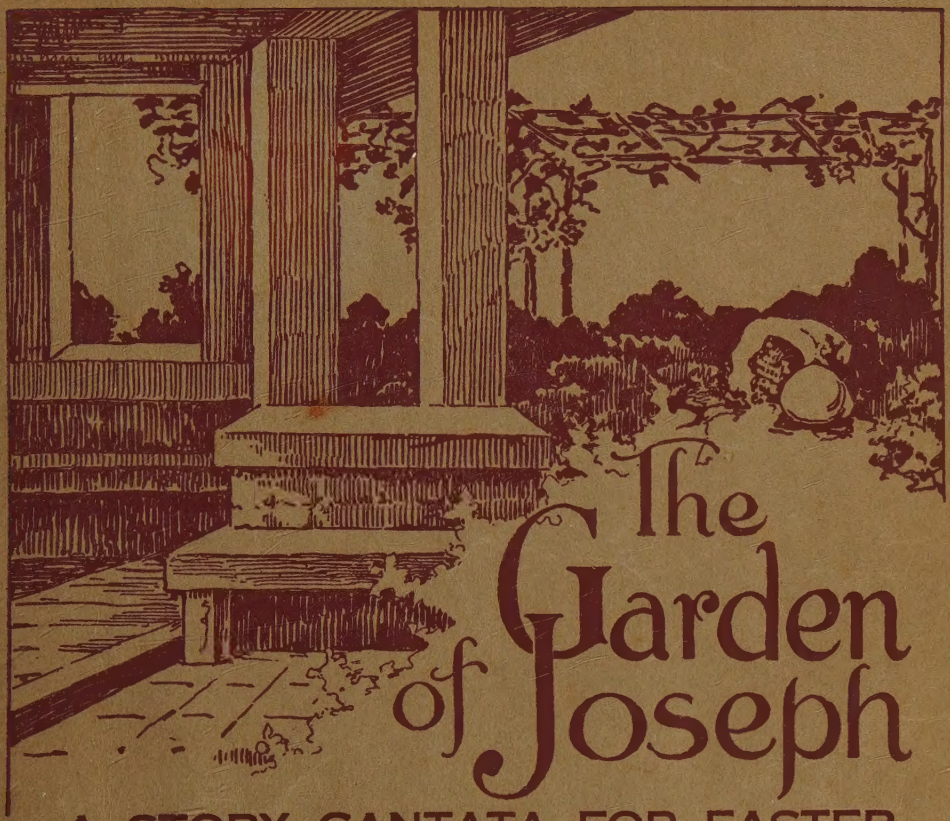

The Garden of Joseph

A STORY CANTATA FOR EASTER

Lyric by ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

Music by Dr. ADAM GEIBEL

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The Garden of Joseph

A
STORY CANTATA FOR EASTER

Words by
Elsie Duncan Yale

Music by
Adam Geibel, Mus. Doc.

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THE GARDEN OF JOSEPH.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTATION.

There are several ways in which this Song Story may be rendered. The story may be read by a Reader, and the musical numbers sung, as indicated.

A more effective manner consists in decorating the platform to represent a garden, the Reader being costumed to suggest an Oriental gardener. Fasten mesh-wire fencing across the rear of the platform, and twine the meshes with vines and blossoms. These are made by cutting blossoms from pink tissue, and glueing upon branches. Bank the front and sides of the platform with potted palms and ferns, the taller ones at the side.

The Reader is costumed in long, dark woolen robe with white headdress. Any illustrated Bible will show a suitable costume for this purpose.

An especially interesting manner of rendering "The Garden of Joseph," however, consists of interspersing tableaus, as indicated in the text. For this purpose a dark curtain should be hung across the rear of the platform and the tableaus posed behind it, the curtain being drawn just before the song which accompanies the tableau is sung.

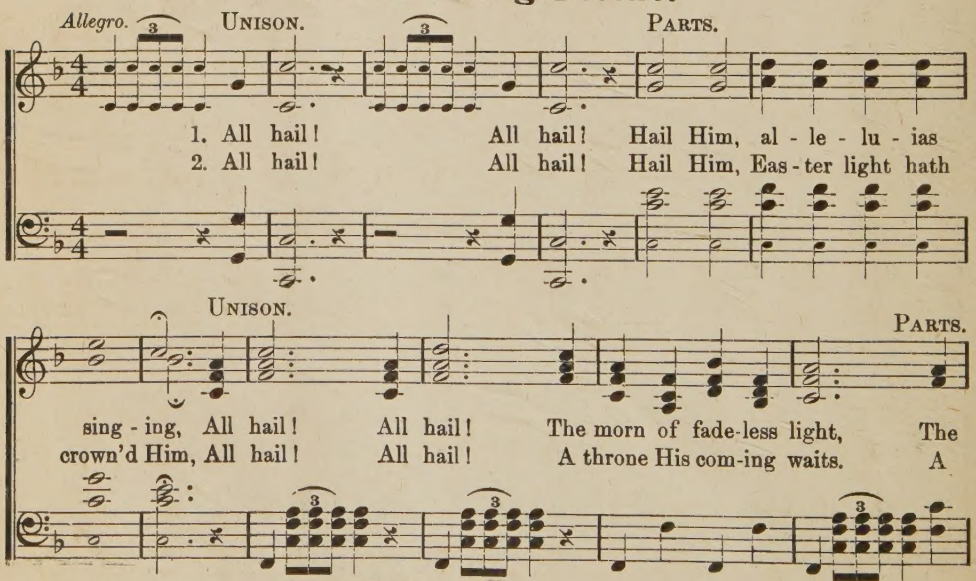
Tableau 1 represents the soldiers at the tomb. Cover a framework with dark grey crepe paper to represent the sepulchre. In front arrange fagots for a watchfire, the fire itself being suggested by a red electric light bulb, or a bulb covered with red paper. Before it are grouped several soldiers wrapped in long. dark cloaks, wearing helmets, and holding spears.

Tableau 2.—The Women in the Garden. This represents women wearing long, dark robes, and heavily veiled. They carry lilies and blossoms.

Tableau 3.—Easter. In the center, on a small platform (a wooden box covered with crepe paper would serve the purpose), stands a girl representing Easter. She is costumed in white, hair flowing, silver crown, and carries lilies. Around her are grouped those who appeared in the preceding tableaus, while in the foreground are little children in white, carrying spring flowers.

No. 1. Chorus.

O Risen King Divine.


Allegro.
UNISON.
PARTS.
1. All hail! All hail! Hail Him, al - le - lu - ias
2. All hail! All hail! Hail Him, Eas - ter light hath
UNISON.
PARTS.
sing - ing, All hail! All hail! The morn of fade-less light, The
crown'd Him, All hail! All hail! A throne His com-ing waits. A

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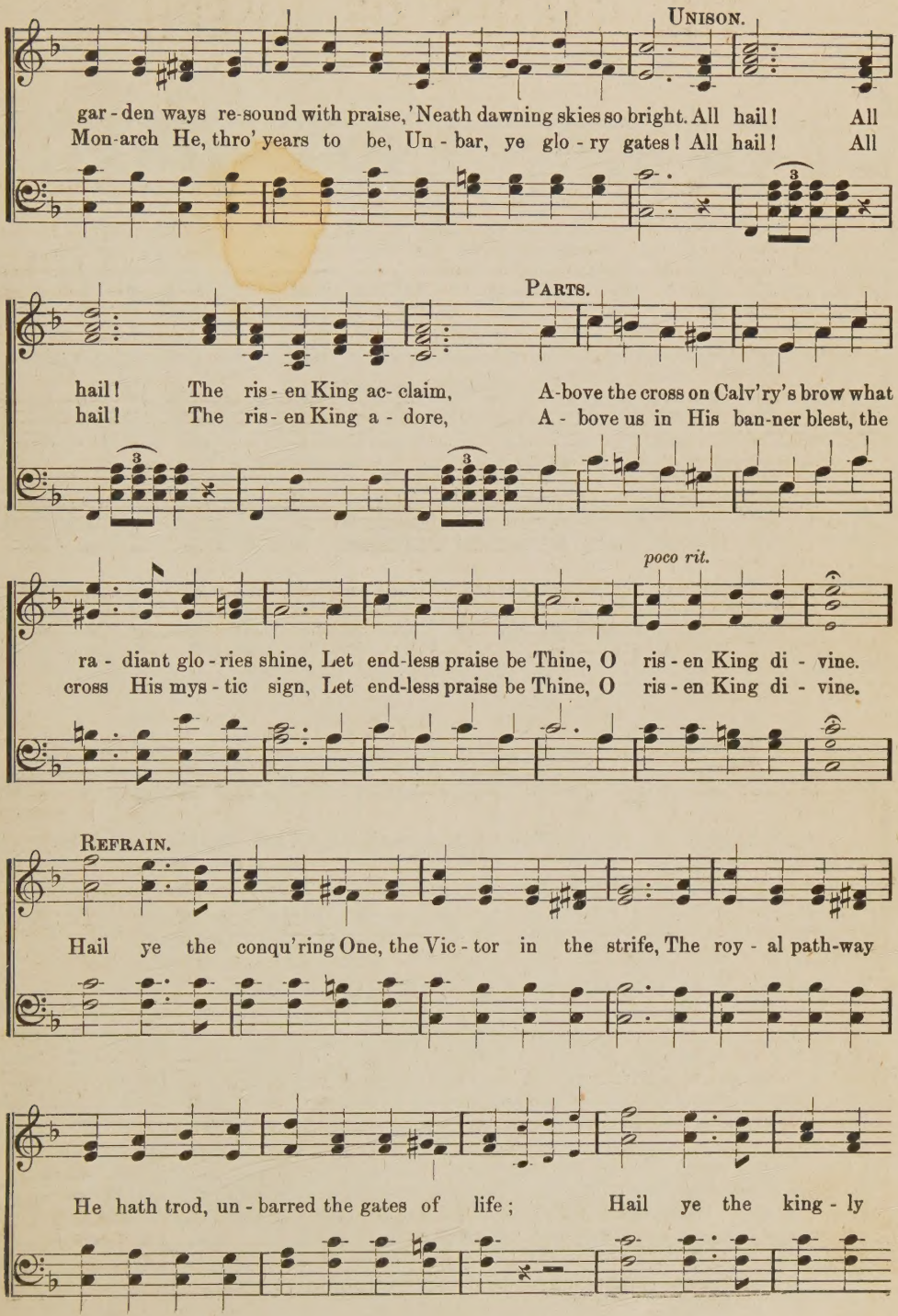
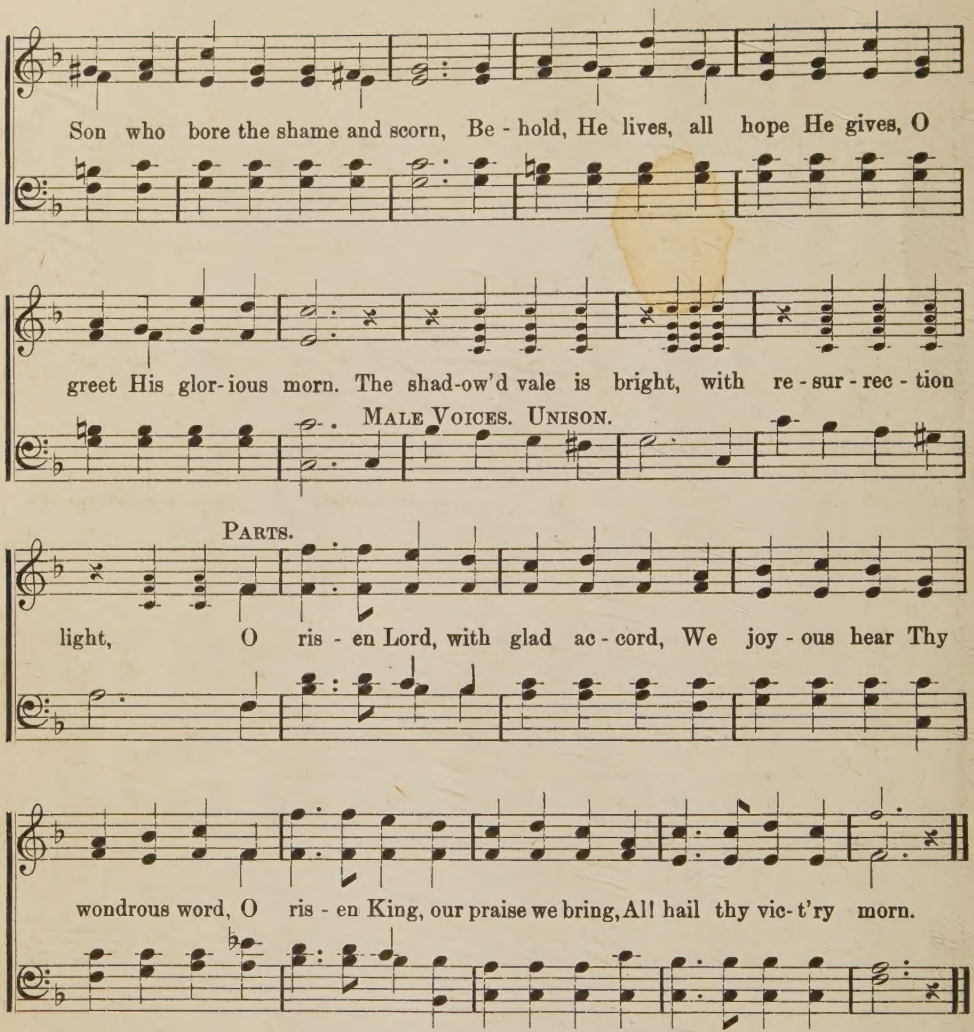
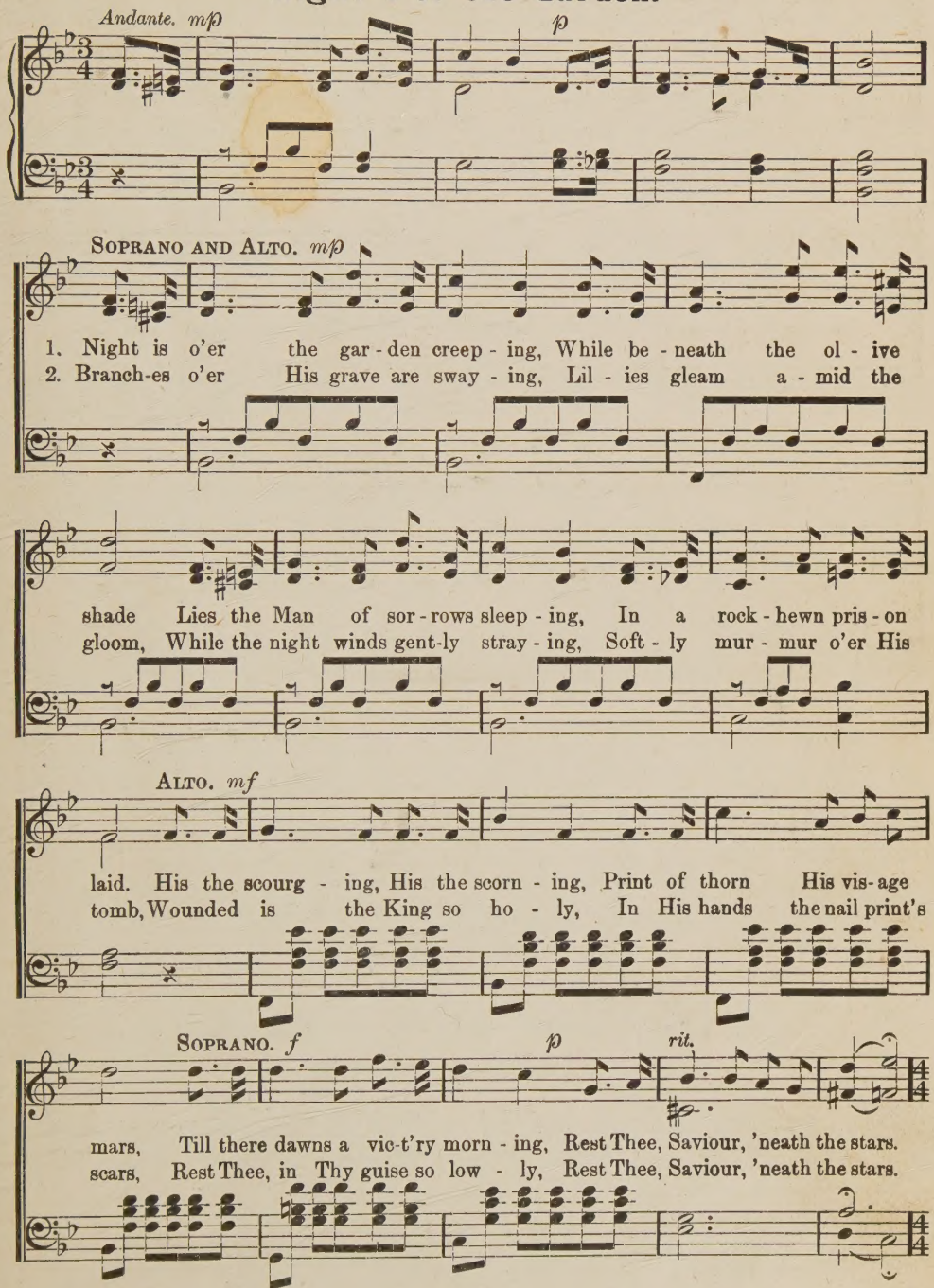

UNISON.
gar - den ways re-sound with praise,' Neath dawning skies so bright. All hail! All
Mon-arch He, thro' years to be, Un - bar, ye glo - ry gates! All hail! All
PARTS.
hail! The ris - en King ac- claim, A-bove the cross on Calv'ry's brow what
hail! The ris - en King a - dore, A - bove us in His ban-ner blest, the
poco rit.
ra - diant glo - ries shine, Let end-less praise be Thine, O ris - en King di - vine.
cross His mys - tic sign, Let end-less praise be Thine, O ris - en King di - vine.
REFRAIN.
Hail ye the conqu'ring One, the Vic - tor in the strife, The roy - al path-way
He hath trod, un - barred the gates of life; Hail ye the king - ly

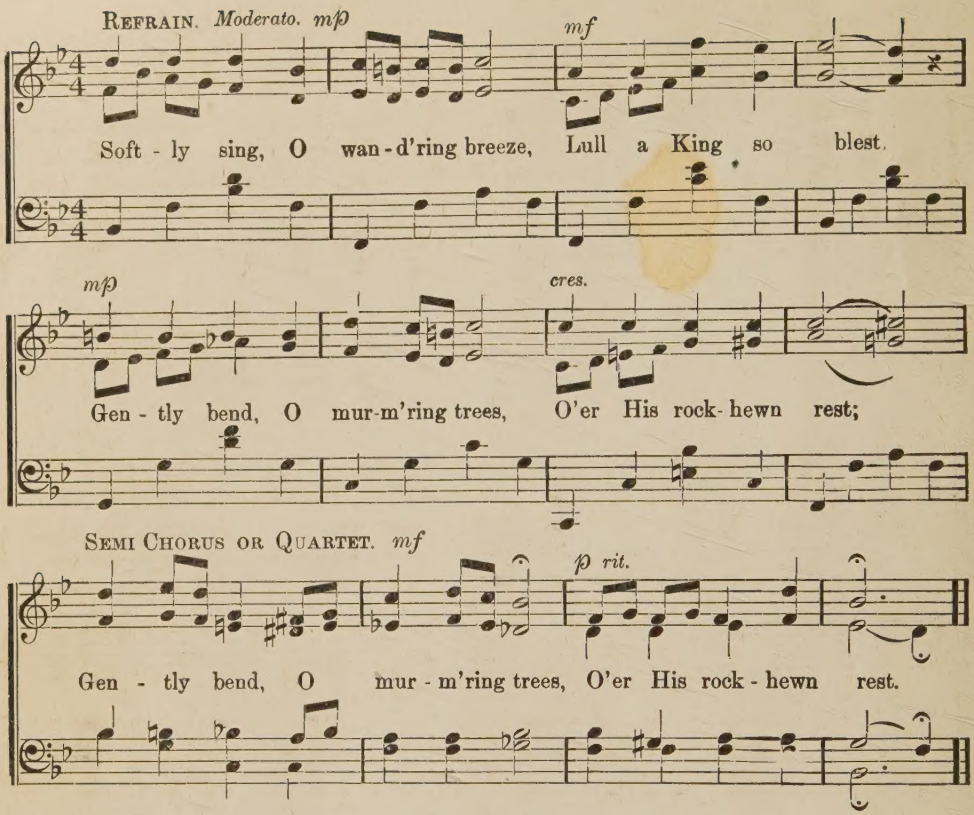

Son who bore the shame and scorn, Be - hold, He lives, all hope He gives, O
greet His glor - ious morn. The shad-ow'd vale is bright, with re - sur - rec - tion
MALE VOICES. UNISON.
PARTS.
light, O ris - en Lord, with glad ac - cord, We joy - ous hear Thy
wondrous word, O ris - en King, our praise we bring, All hail thy vic - t'ry morn.

READER.—I love the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, my master. Long have I cared for it, and through the years have rejoiced in its silvery olive trees, the rosy clouds of its almond blossoms, and the scarlet and gold of its flaming lilies. In his garden too grows the slender sycamore, the graceful myrtle, and hyssop, the herb of the passover. Now verily I tread its paths with reverent feet, and linger in wondering awe before the rock-hewn tomb in the very heart of the garden, for in this very tomb was laid the crucified form of Jesus of Nazareth, and from it came He forth to life everlasting.

Hearken ye to my story of the night of Calvary and the morn of resurrection joy. It was eventide on the day of the crucifixion. Joseph, my master, long a follower of the Nazarene in secret, went boldly unto Pontius Pilate, the governor, beseeching the body of Jesus. Thus it befell that the wounded form was tenderly borne to the garden, wrapped in linen and in fragrant spices, and laid in the tomb of Joseph. Then, lest harm befall, a great stone was rolled unto the door of the sepulchre. There, through the stillness of the night, beneath the bending olive boughs rested the form of Him whom we had trusted should redeem Israel,

No. 2. Two-Part Chorus of Women.

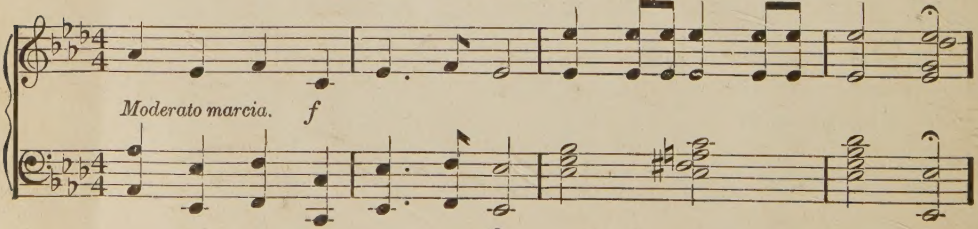
Night O'er the Garden.

Andante. mp
p
Soprano and Alto. mp
1. Night is o'er the gar - den creep - ing, While be - neath the ol - ive
2. Branch-es o'er His grave are sway - ing, Lil - ies gleam a - mid the
shade Lies the Man of sor - rows sleep - ing, In a rock - hewn pris - on
gloom, While the night winds gent-ly stray - ing, Soft - ly mur - mur o'er His
Alto. mf
laid. His the scourg - ing, His the scorn - ing, Print of thorn His vis-age
tomb, Wounded is the King so ho - ly, In His hands the nail print's
Soprano. f
p
rit.
mars, Till there dawns a vic-t'ry morn - ing, Rest Thee, Saviour, 'neath the stars.
scars, Rest Thee, in Thy guise so low - ly, Rest Thee, Saviour, 'neath the stars.

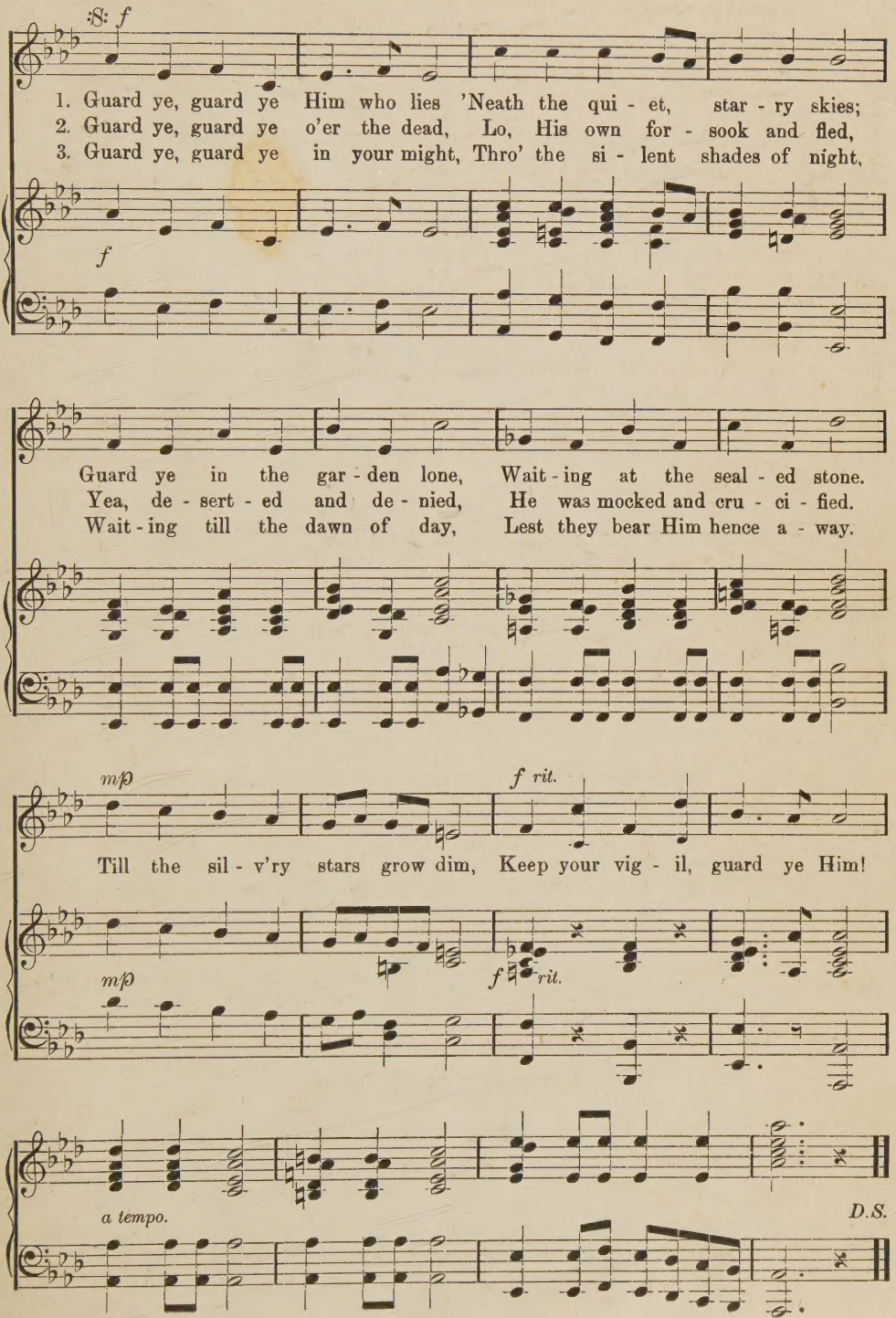

Refrain. Moderato. mp
mf
Soft - ly sing, O wan - d'ring breeze, Lull a King so blest.
mp
cres.
Gen - tly bend, O mur-m'ring trees, O'er His rock- hewn rest;
Semi Chorus or Quartet. mf
p rit.
Gen - tly bend, O mur - m'ring trees, O'er His rock - hewn rest.

Reader.—Strange, indeed, that the enmity of the scribes and Pharisees for the Galilean Teacher should endure beyond the shameful death upon Calvary. Strange, indeed, that His foes should hold in remembrance the words which the sorrowing disciples forgot. Yet behold the chief priests and Pharisees had gone unto Pilate, saying, "Sir, we remember that He said while He was yet alive, 'after three days I will rise again.' Command, therefore, that the sepulchre be made sure, lest His disciples come by night and steal Him away, and say unto the people, 'He is risen from the dead.' Pflate said unto them, 'We have a watch. Go your way, make it as sure as you can.'" Therefore they went, and made the sepulchre sure, setting a watch. So it befell that on that night of sorrow, the soldiers of Pilate came to the garden, and there, amid the beauty of the blossoms (for it was the month Nisan), kept watch at the door of the tomb.

No. 3. Bass Solo, or all Male Voices in Unison. (Also Tableau 1, if desired.)

Guard Ye His Tomb.



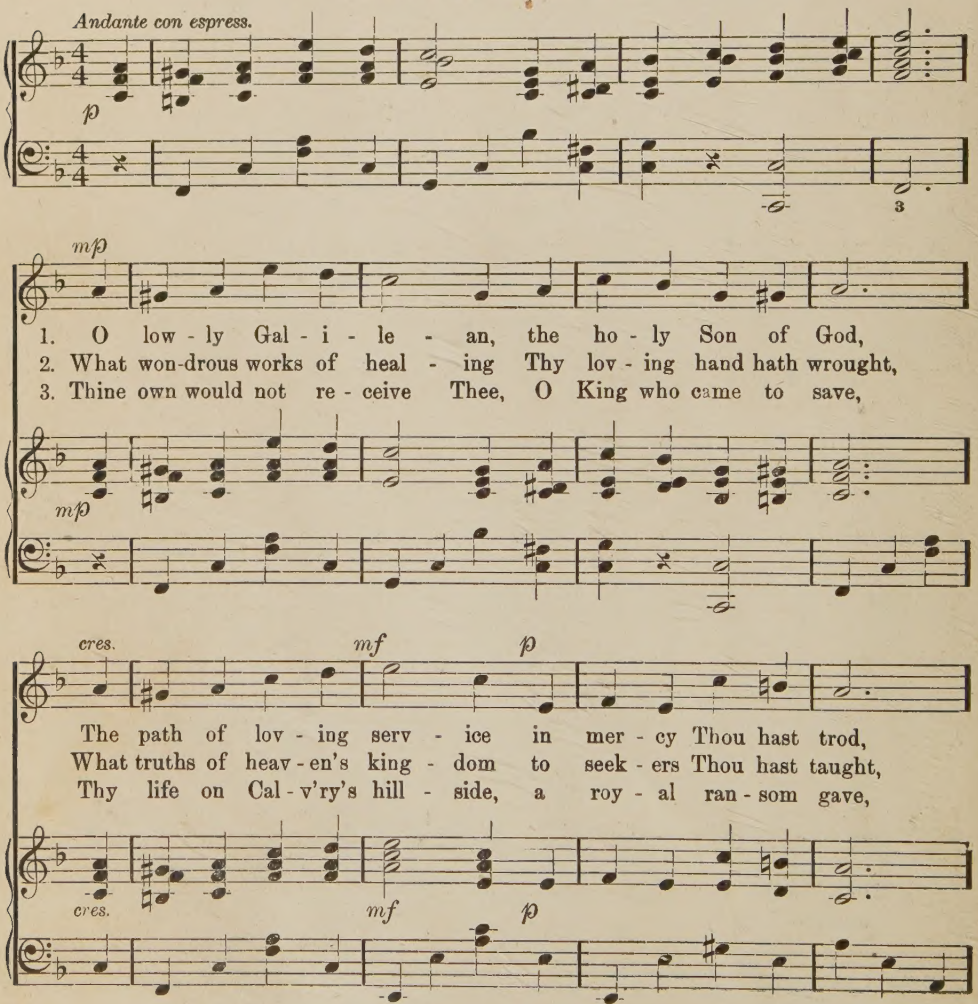

:S: f
1. Guard ye, guard ye Him who lies 'Neath the qui - et, star - ry skies;
2. Guard ye, guard ye o'er the dead, Lo, His own for - sook and fled,
3. Guard ye, guard ye in your might, Thro' the si - lent shades of night,
f
Guard ye in the gar - den lone, Wait - ing at the seal - ed stone.
Yea, de - sert - ed and de - nied, He was mocked and cru - ci - fied.
Wait - ing till the dawn of day, Lest they bear Him hence a - way.
mp
f rit.
Till the sil - v'ry stars grow dim, Keep your vig - il, guard ye Him!
mp
f rit.
a tempo.
D.S.

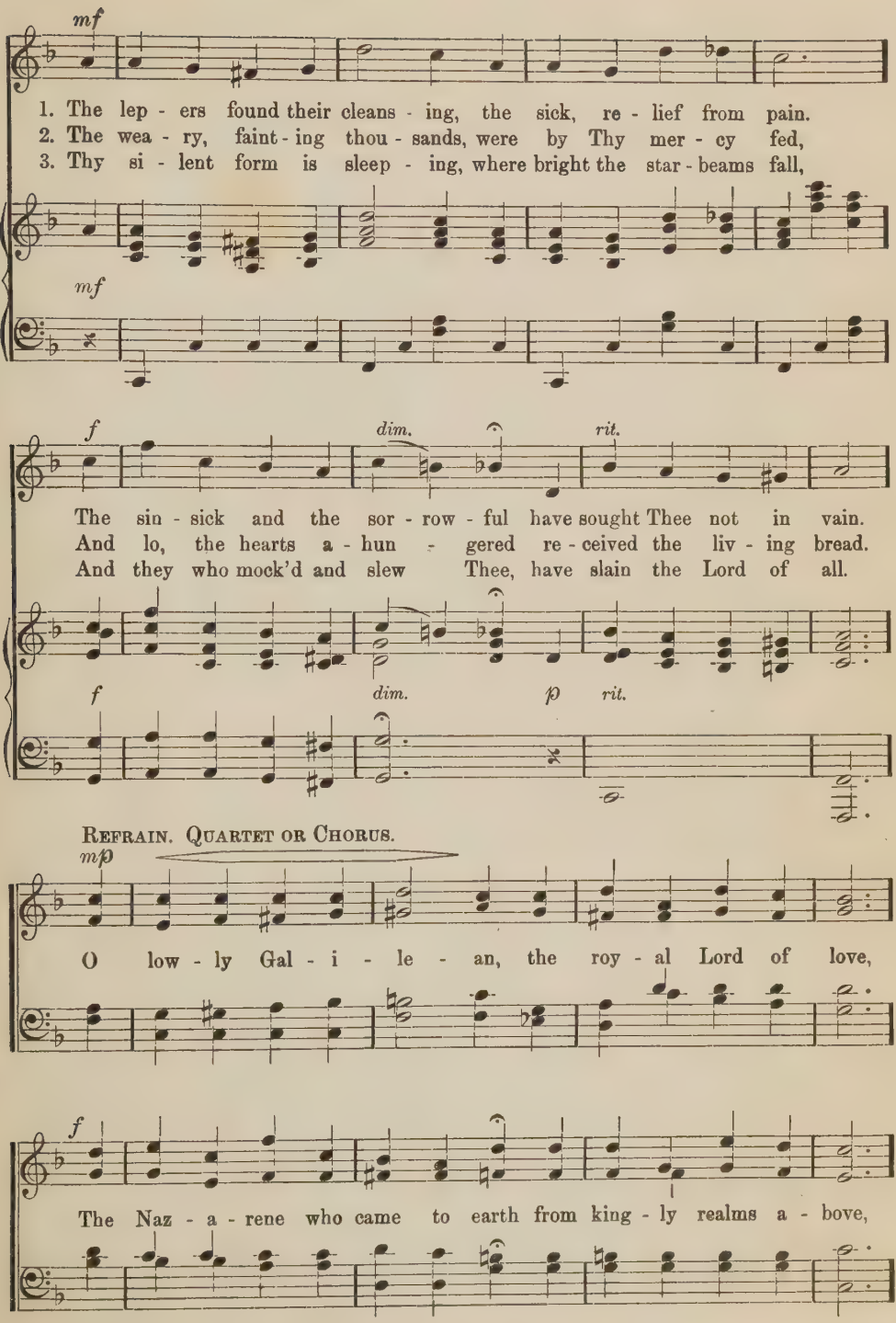
READER.—Heavy of heart I lingered in the garden, pondering that which had gone before. The starlight shone with a soft glow upon the beauty of the garden, upon the rock-hewn sepulchre, and touched with its silver beams the three crosses upon the distant hill of Calvary. With malefactors had He been crucified, yet what evil had he done? Nay, verily, ever compassionate and merciful had He been, and many were His wondrous works of healing

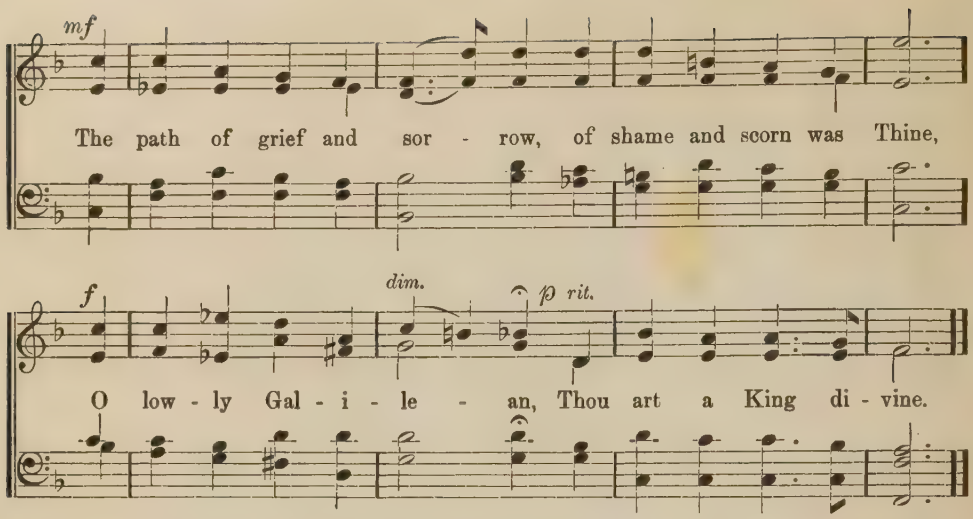
Had I not with mine own eyes beheld the miracle at the pool of Siloam, when sight was restored to him who was born blind? Had I not stood by the pool of Bethesda, and witnessed the healing of him who for these many years had waited for the troubling of the waters? Had not the Galilean raised from very death itself the son of the widow who dwelt in Nain, the daughter of Jairus the ruler, and Lazarus of Bethany? Many were His works of mercy, yet the rulers had sought His death upon the cross. What evil hath He done?

No. 4. Solo and Quartet.

O Lowly Galilean.


Andante con espress.
p
3
mp
1. O low - ly Gal - i - le - an, the ho - ly Son of God,
2. What won-drous works of heal - ing Thy lov - ing hand hath wrought,
3. Thine own would not re - ceive Thee, O King who came to save,
mp
cres.
mf
p
The path of lov - ing serv - ice in mer - cy Thou hast trod,
What truths of heav - en's king - dom to seek - ers Thou hast taught,
Thy life on Cal - v'ry's hill - side, a roy - al ran - som gave,
cres.
mf
p

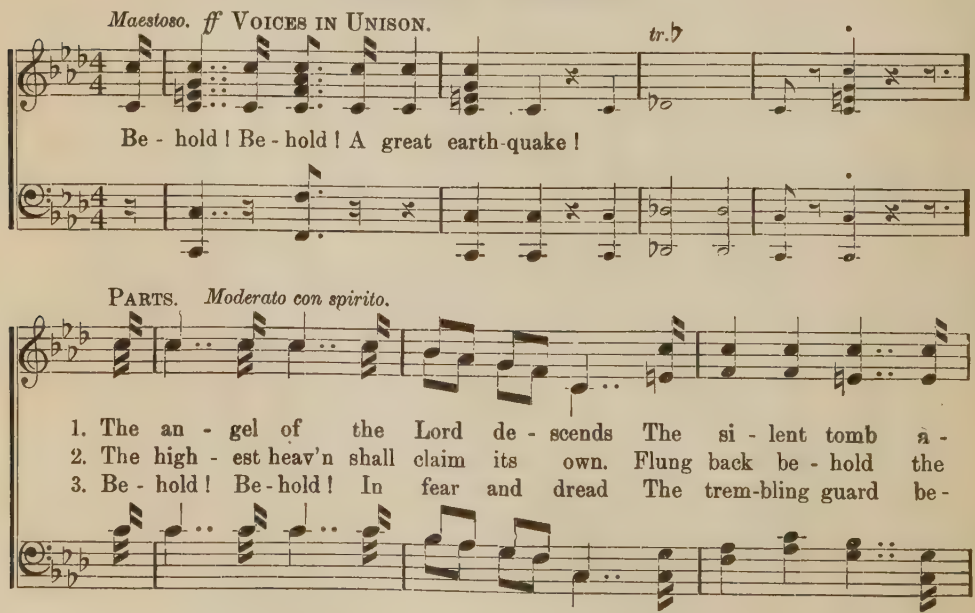

mf
1. The lep - ers found their cleans - ing, the sick, re - lief from pain.
2. The wea - ry, faint - ing thou - sands, were by Thy mer - cy fed,
3. Thy si - lent form is sleep - ing, where bright the star - beams fall,
mf
f
dim.
rit.
The sin - sick and the sor - row - ful have sought Thee not in vain.
And lo, the hearts a - hun - gered re - ceived the liv - ing bread.
And they who mock'd and slew Thee, have slain the Lord of all.
f
dim.
p
rit.
Refrain. Quartet or Chorus.
mp
O low - ly Gal - i - le - an, the roy - al Lord of love,
f
The Naz - a - rene who came to earth from king - ly realms a - bove,

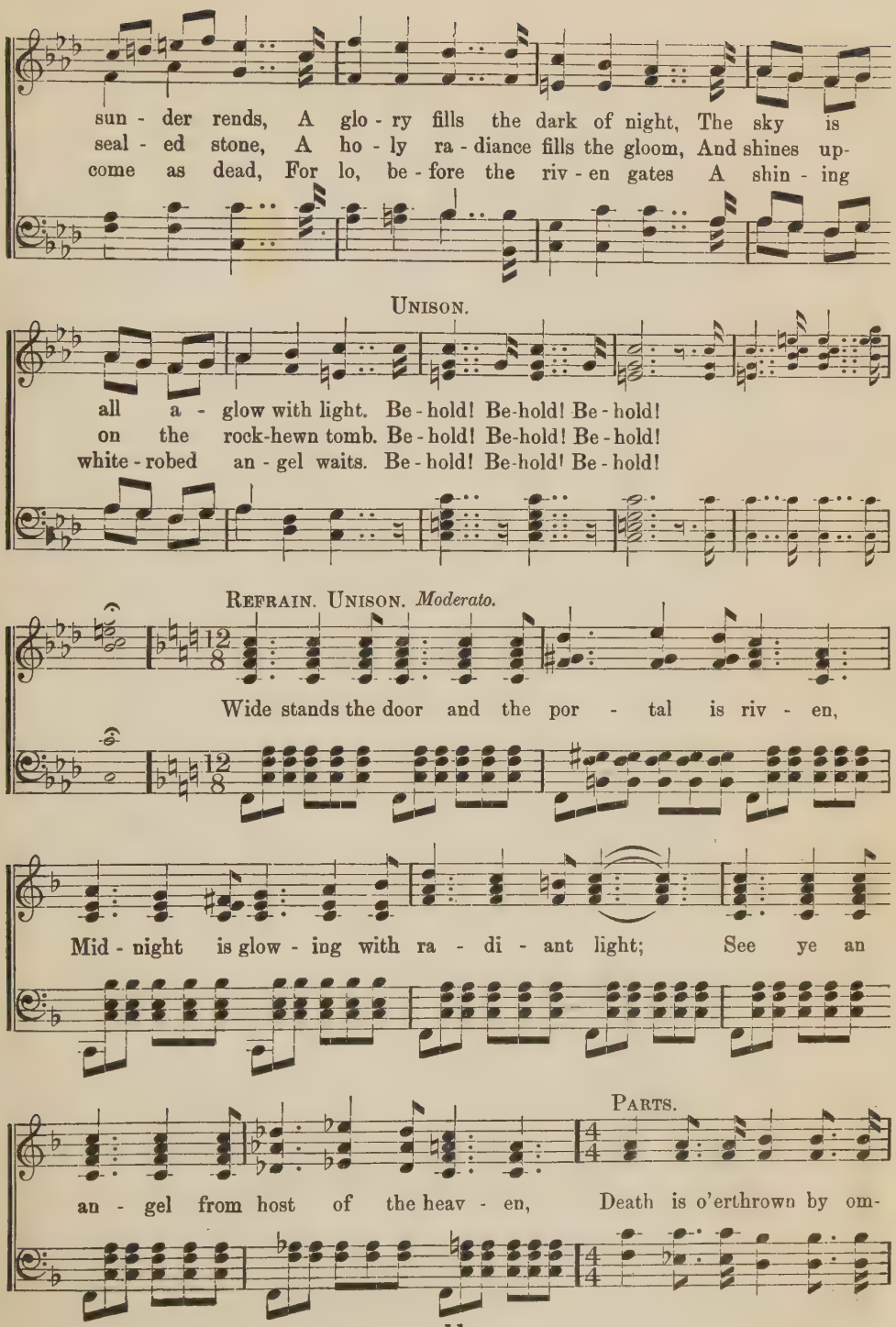


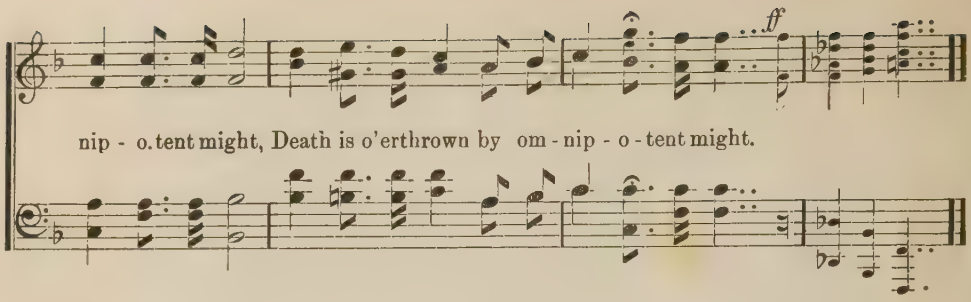
READER.—The silence of night was upon the garden, and all was still save the stirring of the breeze in the olive boughs, and the measured tread of the sentry before the door of the sepulchre. The watchfire still burned, for the night was chill. Then—scarce I know how to tell it, for as in the twinkling of an eye it befell—the very earth trembled, there was a great earthquake, and before my affrighted eyes the angel of the Lord descended, and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men.

No. 5. Chorus.

Behold! Behold!


Maestoso. ff VOICES IN UNISON.
tr.
Be - hold! Be - hold! A great earth-quake!
PARTS. Moderato con spirito.
1. The an - gel of the Lord de - scends The si - lent tomb a -
2. The high - est heav'n shall claim its own. Flung back be - hold the
3. Be - hold! Be - hold! In fear and dread The trem-bling guard be -

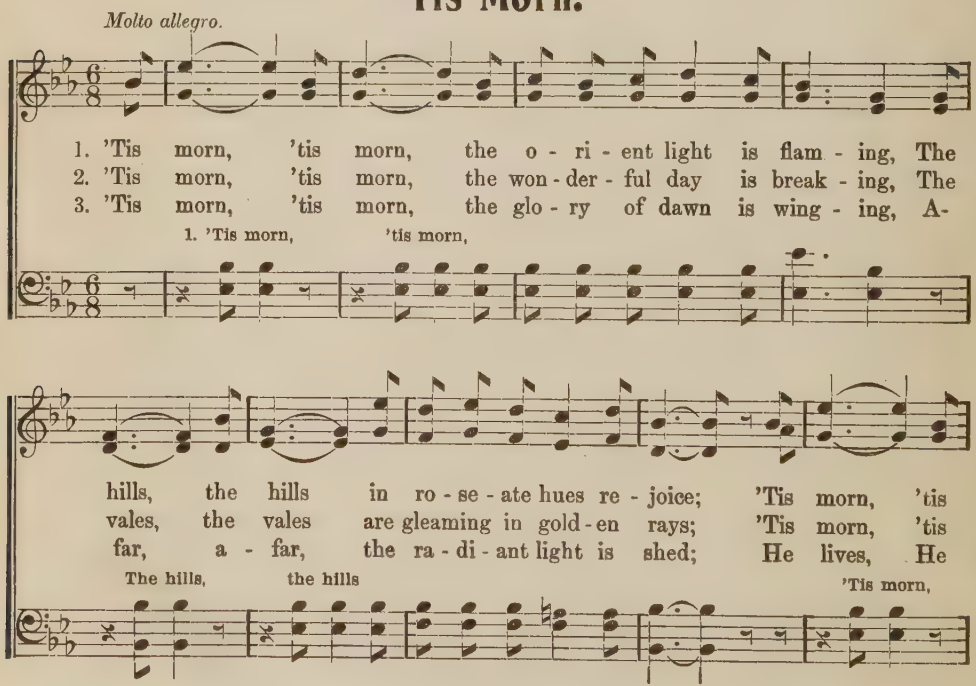
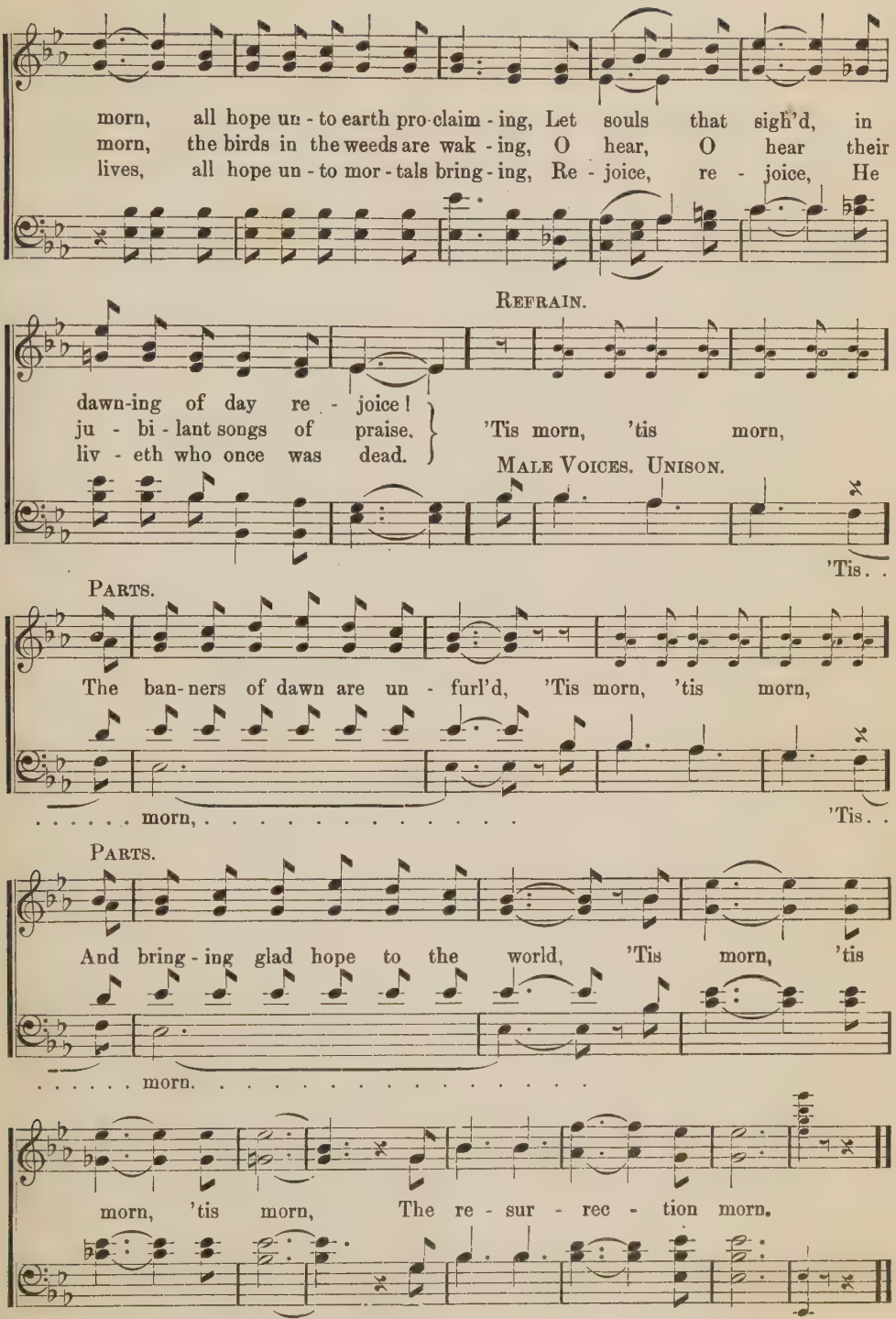

sun - der rends, A glo - ry fills the dark of night, The sky is
seal - ed stone, A ho - ly ra - diance fills the gloom, And shines up-
come as dead, For lo, be - fore the riv - en gates A shin - ing
Unison.
all a - glow with light. Be - hold! Be-hold! Be - hold!
on the rock-hewn tomb. Be - hold! Be-hold! Be - hold!
white - robed an - gel waits. Be - hold! Be-hold! Be - hold!
Refrain. Unison. Moderato.
Wide stands the door and the por - tal is riv - en,
Mid - night is glow - ing with ra - di - ant light; See ye an
Parts.
an - gel from host of the heav - en, Death is o'erthrown by om-



READER.—In terror at the vision I too had fallen to the ground in fear, and how long had I lain there I know not. Then as I came to myself, lo, I was alone in the garden of Joseph. Gone were the soldiers of Pilate, and of their presence not a trace save the dying watchfire and the bruised and trampled lilies. The first faint glow of dawn was in the sky and by its light I beheld the great seal of the Empire shattered, and the stone rolled away from the door of the tomb. Then as I marvelled sore amazed, the sky in the east grew brighter, and its rays seemed to glow with a heavenly brightness upon the riven sepulchre. The breeze of morn stirred the olive trees, the birds awoke to song. Scarce I comprehend it, yet methought that with the passing of the shadows of the night, sorrow and despair had passed away, and with the coming of the morn, joy and hope had dawned upon the world.

No. 6. Chorus. (Tableau 2.)

'Tis Morn.

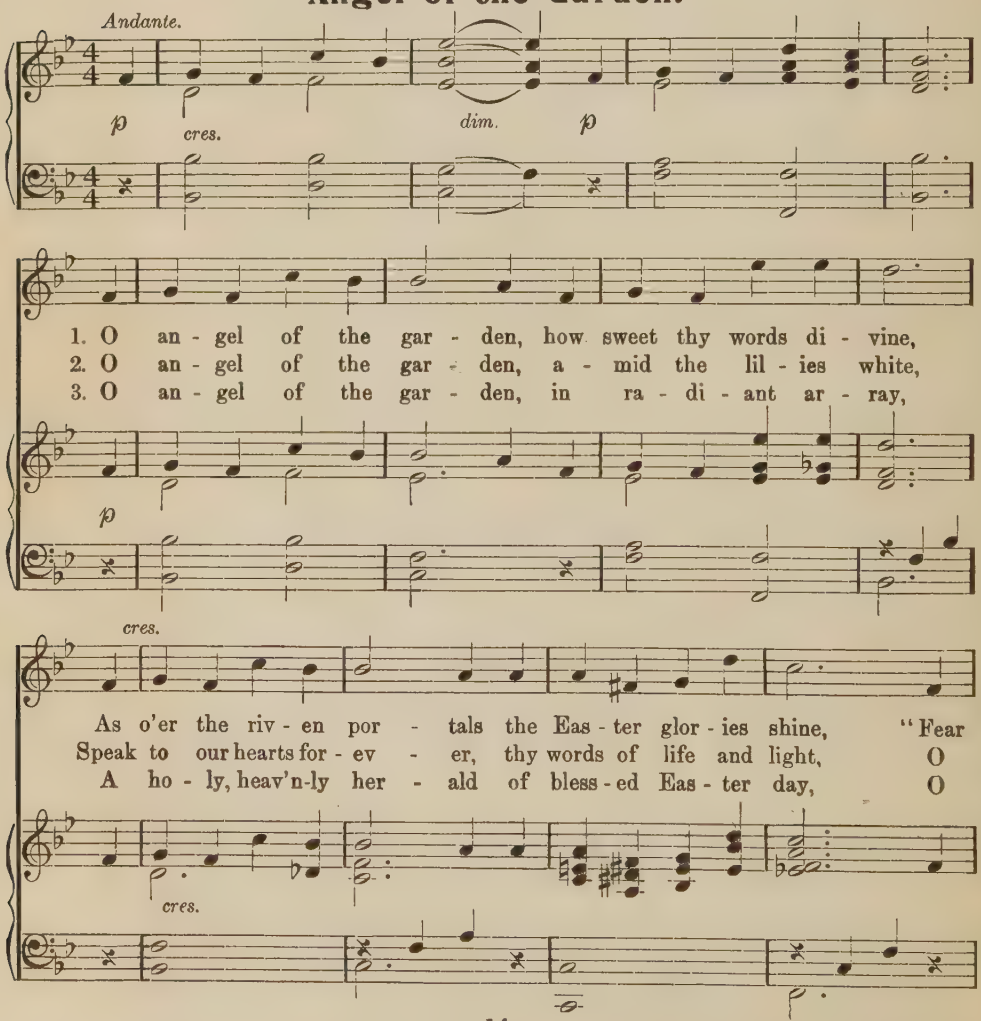

Molto allegro.
1. 'Tis morn, 'tis morn, the o - ri - ent light is flam - ing, The
2. 'Tis morn, 'tis morn, the won - der - ful day is break - ing, The
3. 'Tis morn, 'tis morn, the glo - ry of dawn is wing - ing, A-
1. 'Tis morn, 'tis morn,
hills, the hills in ro - se - ate hues re - joice; 'Tis morn, 'tis
vales, the vales are gleaming in gold - en rays; 'Tis morn, 'tis
far, a - far, the ra - di - ant light is shed; He lives, He
The hills, the hills
'Tis morn,

morn, all hope un - to earth pro-claim - ing, Let souls that sigh'd, in
morn, the birds in the weeds are wak - ing, O hear, O hear their
lives, all hope un - to mor - tals bring - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, He
REFRAIN.
dawn-ing of day re - joice!
ju - bi - lant songs of praise,
liv - eth who once was dead.
'Tis morn, 'tis morn,
MALE VOICES. UNISON.
'Tis. .
PARTS.
The ban-ners of dawn are un - furl'd, 'Tis morn, 'tis morn,
. . . . . morn, ... 'Tis. .
PARTS.
And bring - ing glad hope to the world, 'Tis morn, 'tis
. . . . . morn. . . . . .
morn, 'tis morn, The re - sur - rec - tion morn.

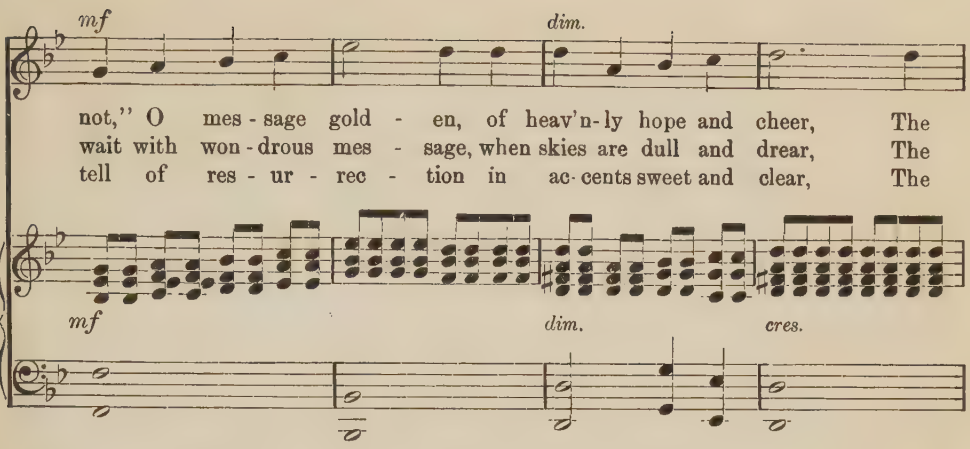
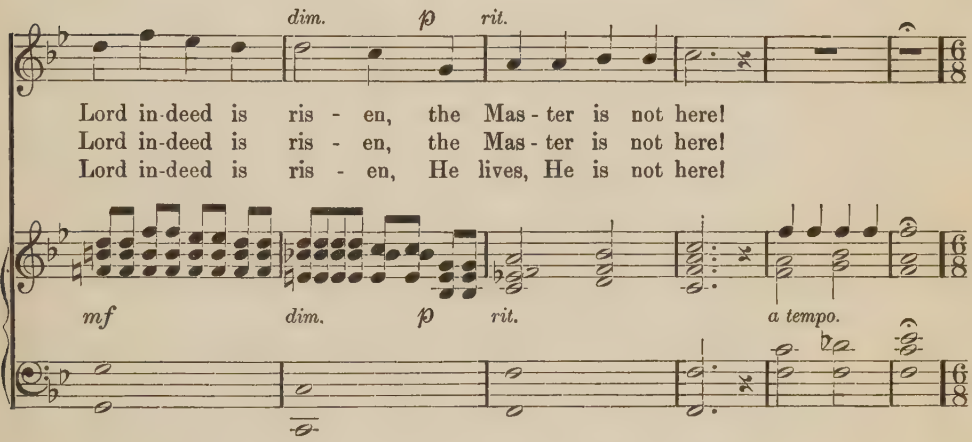
READER.—Then, as I tarried, scarcely daring approach the mystery of the sepulchre, I heard the sound of voices, and lo, I beheld women approaching, bearing spices with which to enfold the body of their Lord. These were they who had lingered broken-hearted at the foot of the cross, and had tarried by night without the city gates, that at daybreak they might come to the tomb.

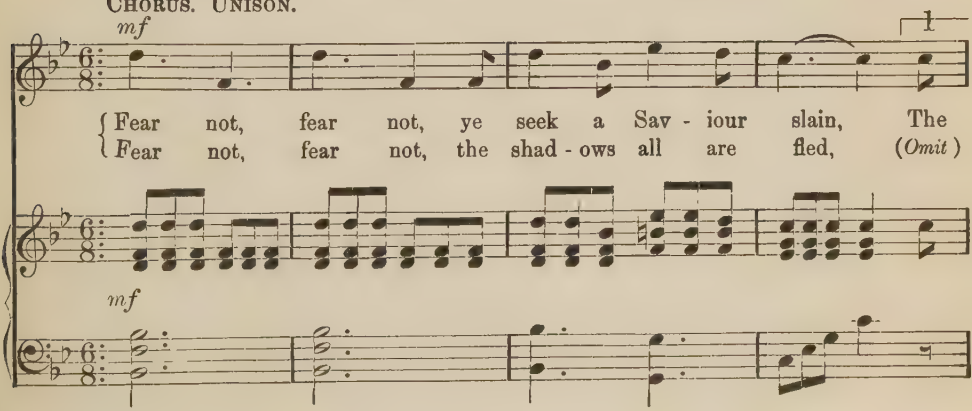
"Who shall roll us away the stone?" I heard them questioning one another, in troubled tones. Then, as they drew near, they beheld that the stone was rolled away. And entering into the sepulchre they beheld a young man clothed in a long, white garment, and they were affrighted.

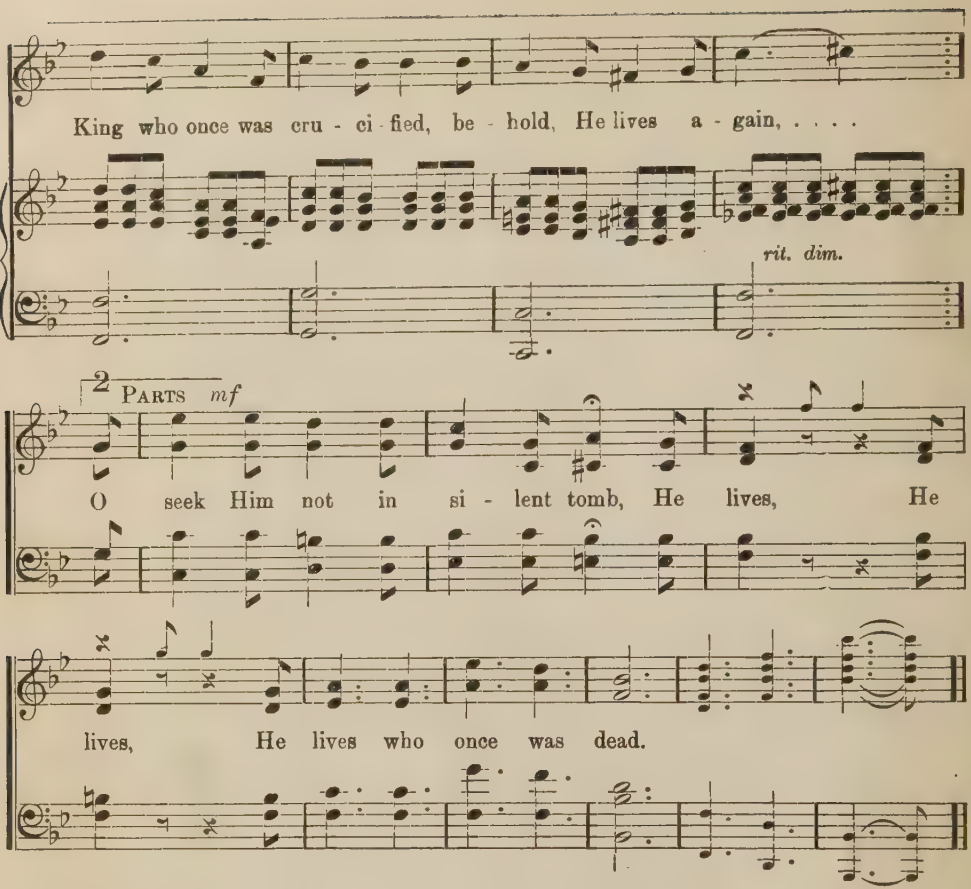
And he said unto them, "Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where the Lord lay. But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him as He hath said unto you."

No. 7. Solo, Tenor or Soprano, and Chorus.

Angel of the Garden.

Andante.
p
cres.
dim.
p
1. O an - gel of the gar - den, how sweet thy words di - vine,
2. O an - gel of the gar - den, a - mid the lil - ies white,
3. O an - gel of the gar - den, in ra - di - ant ar - ray,
p
cres.
As o'er the riv - en por - tals the Eas - ter glor - ies shine, "Fear
Speak to our hearts for - ev - er, thy words of life and light, O
A ho - ly, heav'n-ly her - ald of bless - ed Eas - ter day, O
cres.


mf
dim.
not," O mes - sage gold - en, of heav'n-ly hope and cheer, The
wait with won-drous mes - sage, when skies are dull and drear, The
tell of res - ur - rec - tion in ac-cents sweet and clear, The
mf
dim.
cres.

CHORUS. UNISON.

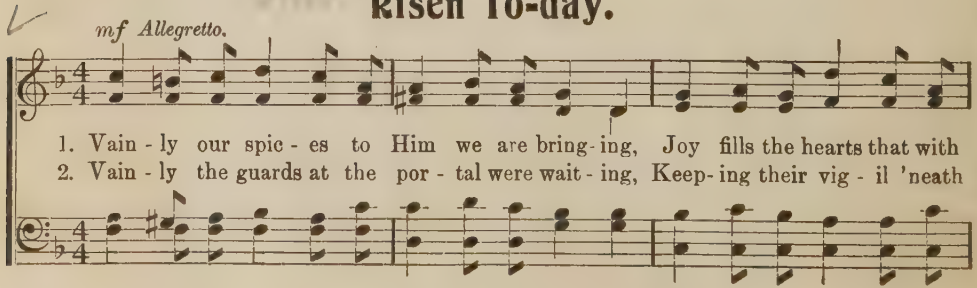
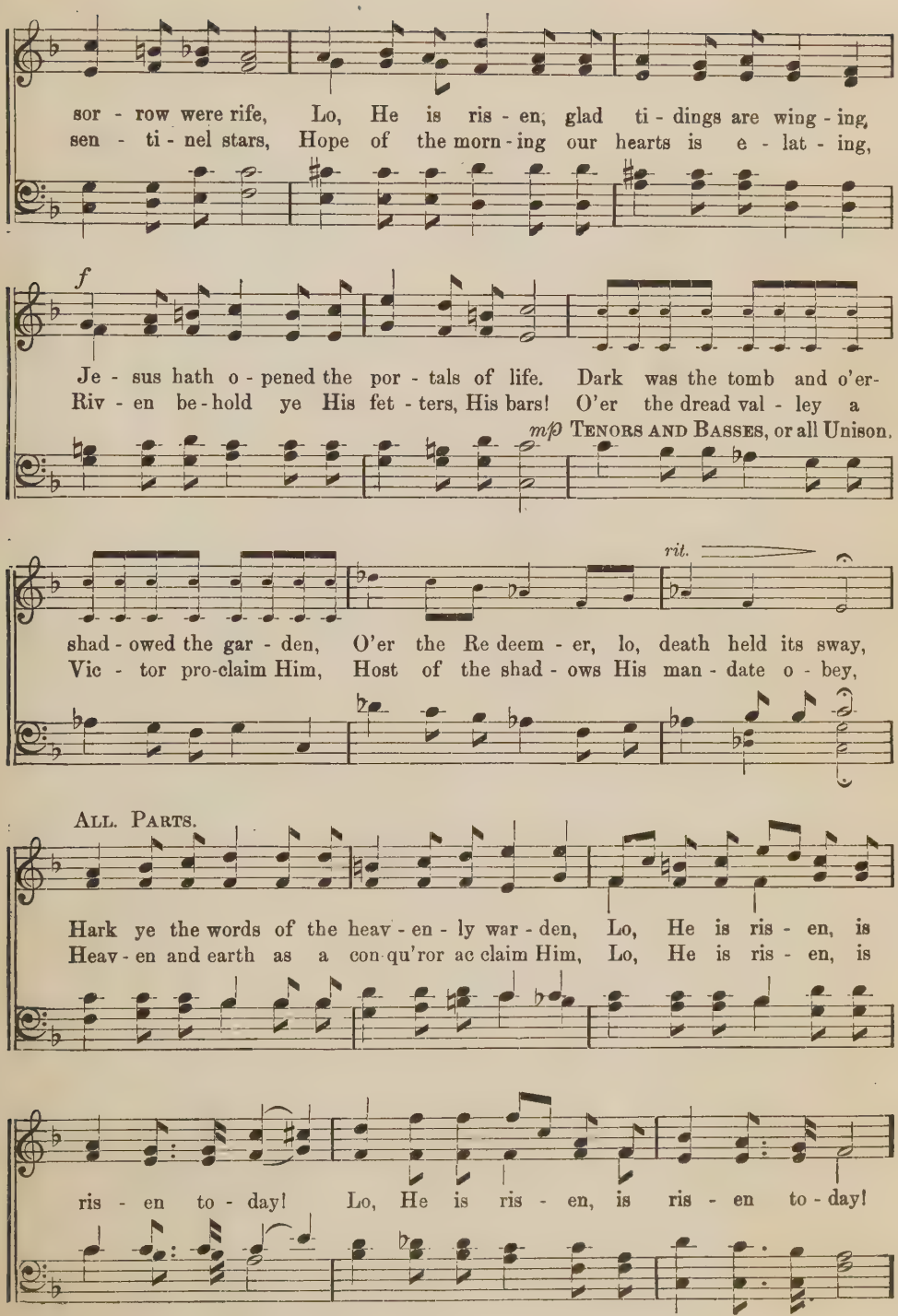


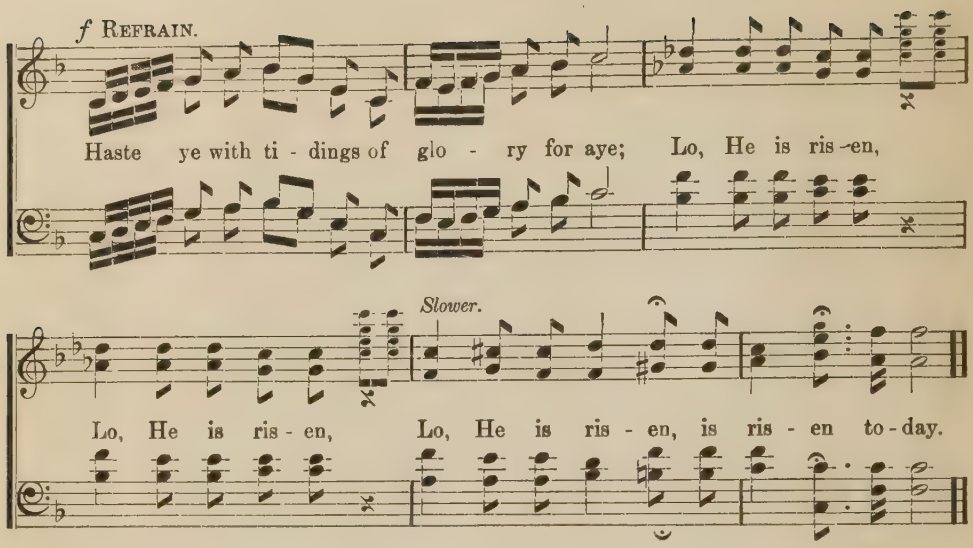

King who once was cru - ci - fied, be - hold, He lives a - gain, ...
rit. dim.
2 Parts mf
O seek Him not in si - lent tomb, He lives, He
lives, He lives who once was dead.

Reader.—This, then, was the meaning of the trembling earth, the broken seal, the riven portal, and the vision of angels. He whose scarred form had been tenderly laid in the tomb was no longer in the sepulchre. He had risen! The garden was no longer an abode of sorrow, but a garden aglow with divine radiance. In amazement I gazed upon the tomb where through the night the soldiers of Pilate had kept their vigil. Affrighted, I beheld the angel, and again his words echoed like music wondrously sweet: "Fear not. He is not here. He is risen."

No. 8. Chorus.

Risen To-day.


mf Allegretto.
1. Vain - ly our spic - es to Him we are bring - ing, Joy fills the hearts that with
2. Vain - ly the guards at the por - tal were wait - ing, Keep - ing their vig - il 'neath

sor - row were rife, Lo, He is ris - en, glad ti - dings are wing - ing,
sen - ti - nel stars, Hope of the morn - ing our hearts is e - lat - ing,
f
Je - sus hath o - pened the por - tals of life. Dark was the tomb and o'er-
Riv - en be - hold ye His fet - ters, His bars! O'er the dread val - ley a
mp TENORS AND BASSES, or all Unison.
rit.
shad - owed the gar - den, O'er the Re deem - er, lo, death held its sway,
Vic - tor pro-claim Him, Host of the shad - ows His man - date o - bey,
ALL. PARTS.
Hark ye the words of the heav - en - ly war - den, Lo, He is ris - en, is
Heav - en and earth as a con-qu'ror ac claim Him, Lo, He is ris - en, is
ris - en to - day! Lo, He is ris - en, is ris - en to - day!



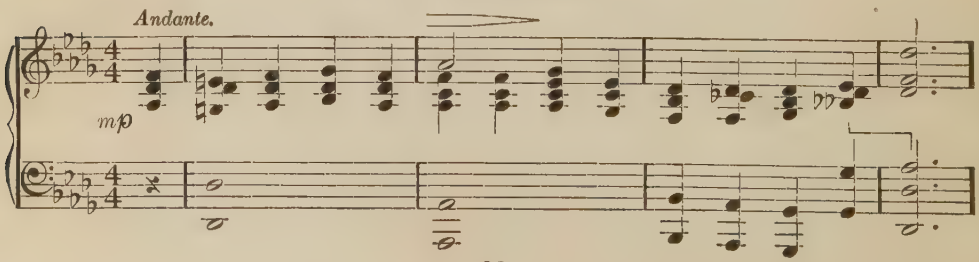
Reader.—Joyously the woman hastened away to bear the glad tidings, while I lingered near the tomb, scarce able to believe the wondrous word. I, too, with my master Joseph, had hearkened the words of the Galilean teacher, and with heavy heart had beheld Him nailed upon the cross of Calvary. I had seen His wounded form laid with tenderness in the rock-hewn grave and with terrified heart had beheld the tomb fling open its portals.

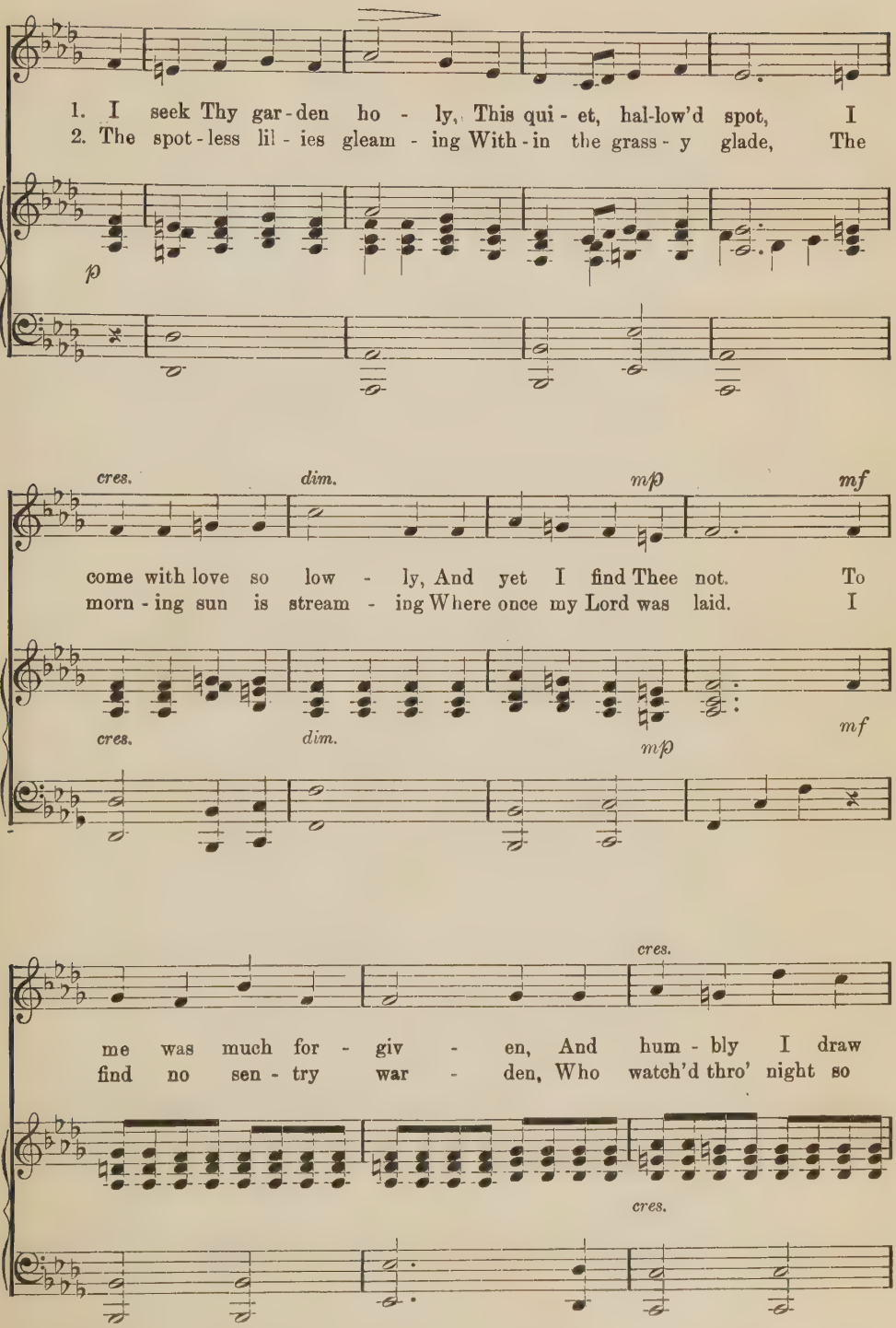
Then as I waited there came a woman adown the paths of the garden, and lo, it was Mary of Magdala, she to whom Jesus of Nazarath had forgiven much. As she drew nigh, methought she wept bitterly, for she knew not that her Lord had risen. Then hearken ye, for never was a sweeter story of divine love and compassion. For as she turned from the tomb, blinded by tears, and supposing the body of her Lord to have been borne hence, behold, she saw Jesus standing and knew not that it was He. Jesus said unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou, whom seekest thou?" She, supposing Him to have been the gardener, said unto Him, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence away, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

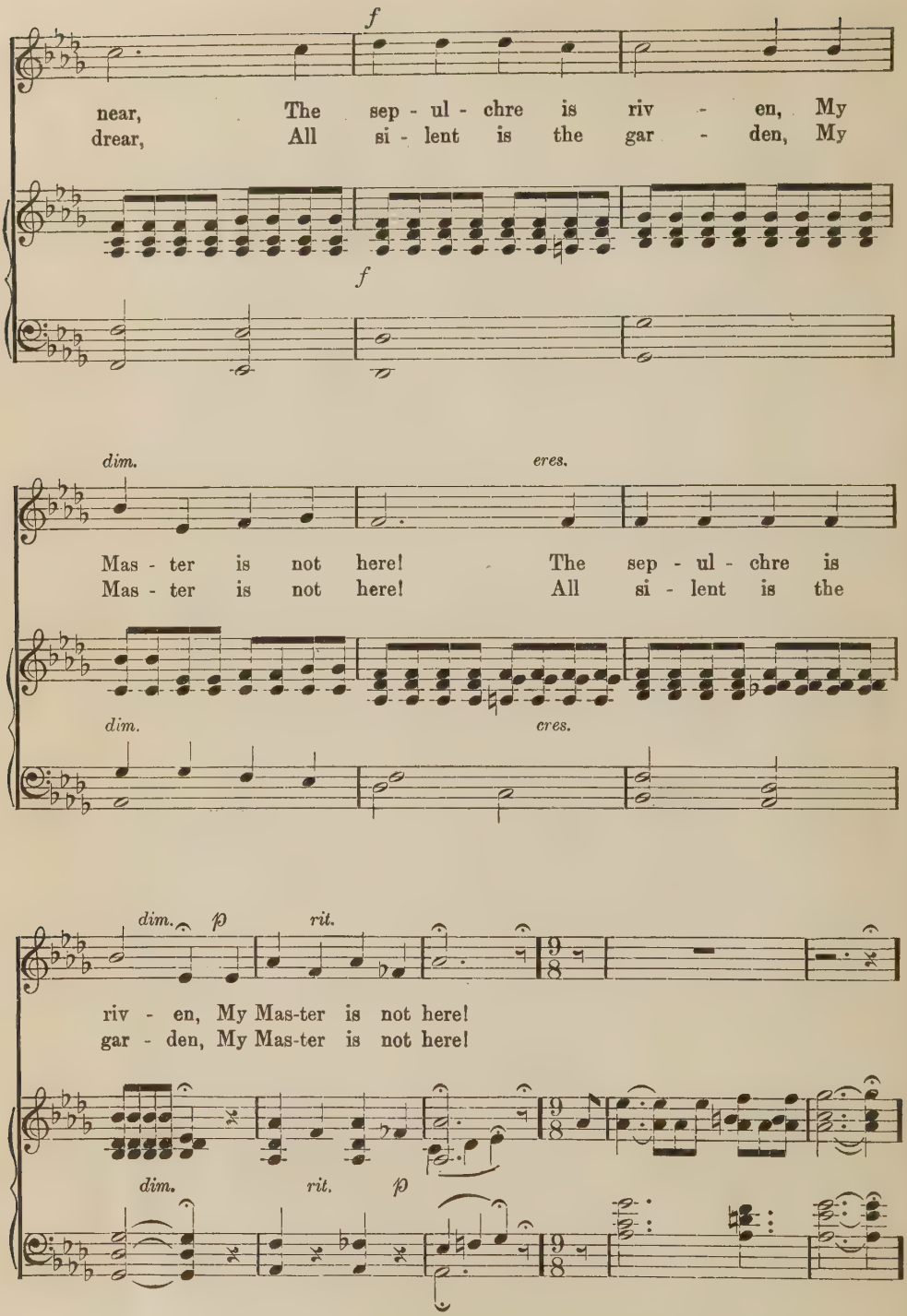
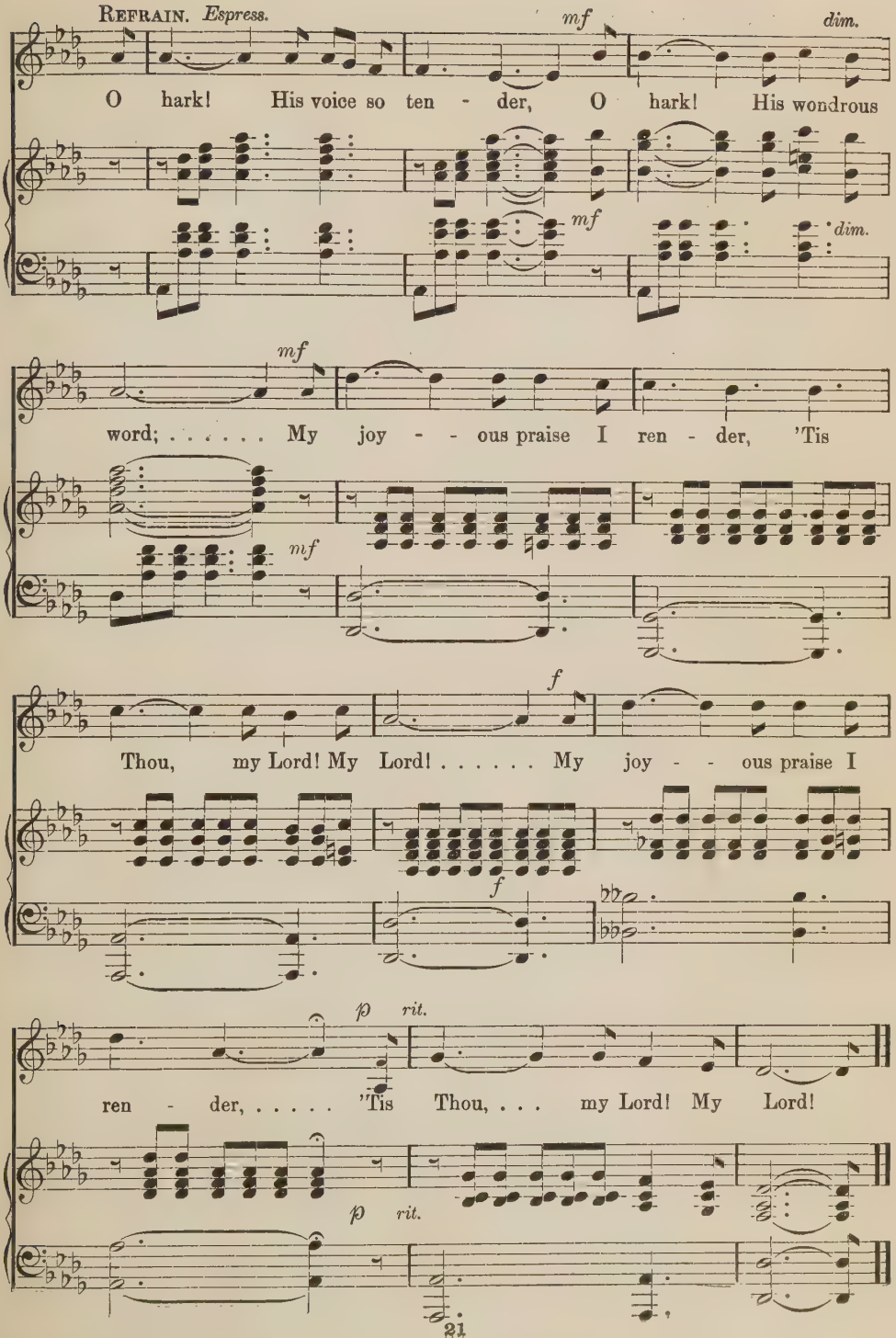
Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!" She turned and saith unto Him, "Rabboni," which is to say, "My Master!"

No. 9. Solo. Alto.

The Magdalen.

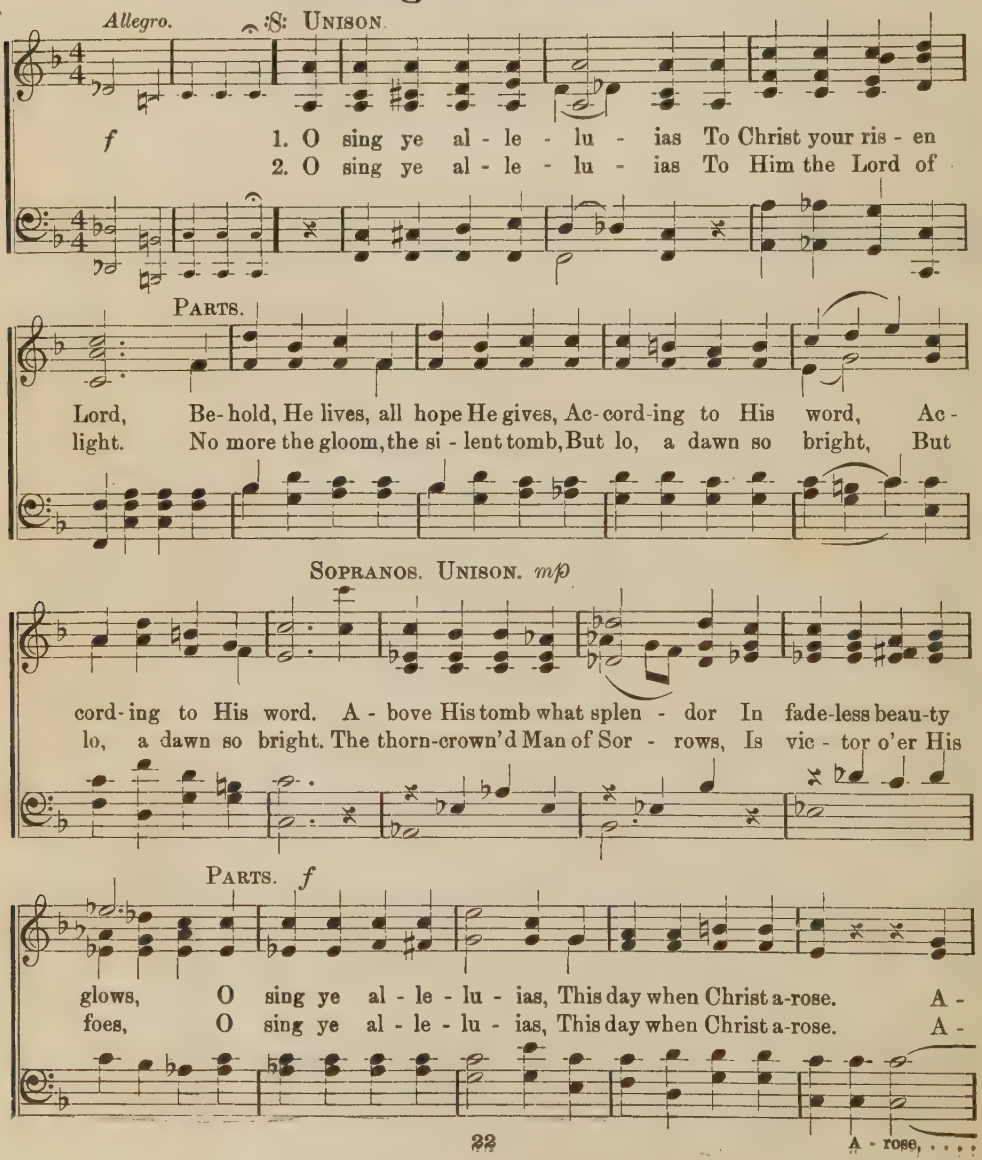
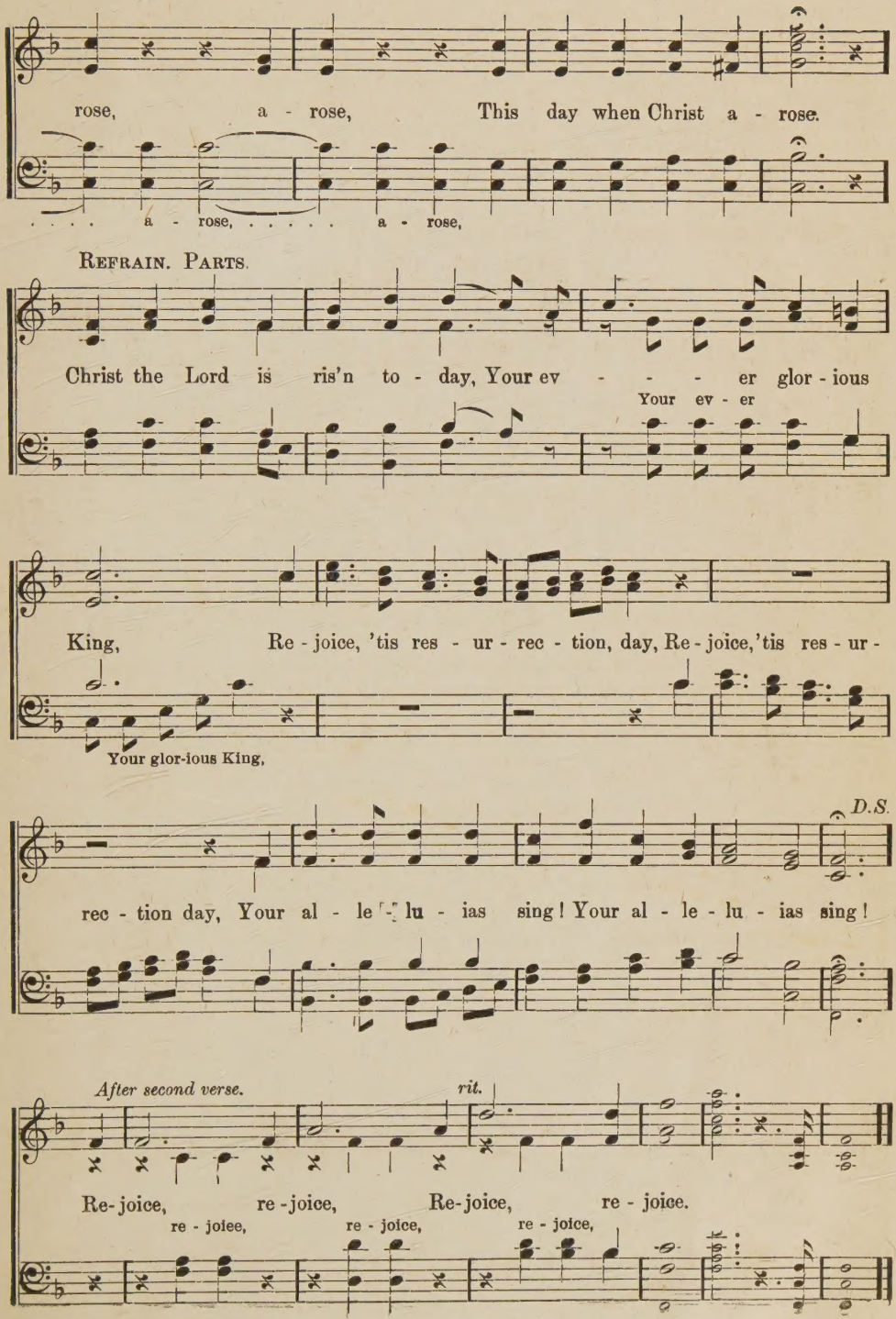



1. I seek Thy gar - den ho - ly, This qui - et, hal-low'd spot, I
2. The spot - less lil - ies gleam - ing With - in the grass - y glade, The
p
cres.
dim.
mp
mf
come with love so low - ly, And yet I find Thee not. To
morn - ing sun is stream - ing Where once my Lord was laid. I
cres.
dim.
mp
mf
cres.
me was much for - giv - en, And hum - bly I draw
find no sen - try war - den, Who watch'd thro' night so
cres.


f
near, The sep - ul - chre is riv - en, My
drear, All si - lent is the gar - den, My
f
dim.
eres.
Mas - ter is not here! The sep - ul - chre is
Mas - ter is not here! All si - lent is the
dim.
cres.
dim.
p
rit.
riv - en, My Mas-ter is not here!
gar - den, My Mas-ter is not here!
dim.
rit.
p

REFRAIN. Espress.
mf
dim.
O hark! His voice so ten - der, O hark! His wondrous
mf
dim.
mf
word; . . . . . My joy - - ous praise I ren - der, 'Tis
mf
f
Thou, my Lord! My Lord! . . . . . My joy - - ous praise I
f
p rit.
ren - der, ... 'Tis Thou, . . . my Lord! My Lord!
p rit.

READER.—Years have passed since that night of sorrow and that morn of joy. These many seasons have the almond boughs of Joseph's garden blossomed in their beauty, and the lilies glowed beside the paths in their scarlet and gold. Ever have I loved the garden, but now with reverent heart I tread its paths. For ever I see the vision of Him who was dead yet alive, and adown the years echoes the word of the angel: "Fear not, ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here. He is risen, as He said." Holy indeed is the garden to me, for it is the garden of Jesus, my Master, and in the light of His resurrection morn may I ever follow Him who was dead, yet is alive forevermore.

No. 10. Closing Chorus. (Tableau 3.)

O Sing Ye Alleluias.

Allegro.
S: UNISON.
f
1. O sing ye al - le - lu - ias To Christ your ris - en
2. O sing ye al - le - lu - ias To Him the Lord of
PARTS.
Lord, Be-hold, He lives, all hope He gives, Ac-cord-ing to His word, Ac-
light. No more the gloom, the si - lent tomb, But lo, a dawn so bright, But
SOPRANOS. UNISON. mp
cord-ing to His word. A - bove His tomb what splen - dor In fade-less beau-ty
lo, a dawn so bright. The thorn-crown'd Man of Sor - rows, Is vic - tor o'er His
PARTS. f
glows, O sing ye al - le - lu - ias, This day when Christ a-rose. A -
foes, O sing ye al - le - lu - ias, This day when Christ a-rose. A -
A - rose, ...

rose, a - rose, This day when Christ a - rose.
. . . . a - rose, ... a - rose,
Refrain. Parts.
Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Your ev - - - - er glor - ious
Your ev - er
King, Re - joice, 'tis res - ur - rec - tion, day, Re - joice, 'tis res - ur -
Your glor-ious King,
D.S.
rec - tion day, Your al - le - lu - ias sing! Your al - le - lu - ias sing!
After second verse.
rit.
Re-joice, re - joice, Re-joice, re - joice.
re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,